





PROGRAM

HEBER CITY TABERNACLE

Wednesday, June 23, 8:30 p.m.

M.I.A. JUNE CONFERENCE ROAD SHOWS

Stanley Russon as Master of Ceremonies

"HOW NOW WOW CHOW" Beverly Rowland, Director
Emigration Stake Nonnie Sorensen, Composer
and accompanist

"PHANTOM OF THE HIGH SEAS" Maxine Davis, Director
Butler Stake

"BEST OF THE BARD" Elaine Bennett, Director
Hillside Stake

VOCAL TRIO Mrs. Jane Hatch Jordan
Will furnish entertainment Francine Henniger
during stage changes Marilyn Thompson
Mrs. Margaret McQuarrie, accompanist

HELP SAVE THE HEBER TABERNACLE

Please Credit \$.....

To The

"SAVE THE HEBER
TABERNACLE FUND"

Mail to

First Security Bank of Heber, Heber City, Utah

THE TABERNACLE SPEAKS

by Orma Wellengren

Old friend, old pine,
Keening with your needled arms outspread
Against the sky,
Weep for me.

We grew together.
You watched, a seedling, while my rosy walls
Of Lake Creek ledges took their shape
And proudly stretched to hold
The spare wings of my roof.

My windows, vaulting silver-thin,
Let the flowing seasons in.
The pricket of my tower threatened to impale
The clouds.

Neighbor, from your rooted hearth
You saw my varnished doors swing wide.
Apostle Lyman stood inside
And every head was bowed and bare
And all of me was hallowed there:
Timber and buttresses,
Pillars and galleries,
Rock and mortar,
Paint and woodwork,
Each nail was blessed.

And I served.
Within my walls they prayed for rain:
The sunburned men with hardened necks,
Strong women, steady-eyed.
They met to sing, to laugh, to mourn.
Their echoes rang for eighty years.

I sheltered birds: swallows with inverted wings
Sliced the air about my head
And Pasted mud to my railings.
Mice on desperate errands
Scurried at my feet,
And a lonely cat
Nursed her litter near my heart.

Now your once-slender shadow
Bulges about your feet,
And I am old.
My steps sag under the shoes of generations,
My ceiling is worn with amens,
My hinges ache.
At conference-time
The faithful press the walls
And shift their weight on weary feet
And strain to hear above the restless wailing
Of a child.

Old friend, old pine,
Protesting vainly in the stubborn wind,
Weep for me.
I have served with love,
Yet they wait with sharpened axes.

And I long to live, bridging the future
With the past.

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